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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR:

The downside to this new format created in honor of the Saturday Morning Movie Serials that are still fondly remembered by those who never had to wait an enter week to see what happened next; is that any mishap or missing an episode leaves one lost and regretting that they hadn't ponied up the Gold Dinar to buy the series program. Even with the program, I am lost other than we join Emil and yet another series of new characters out on some road going somewhere.

"THE LOST CHILDREN OF AHRIMAN 5"

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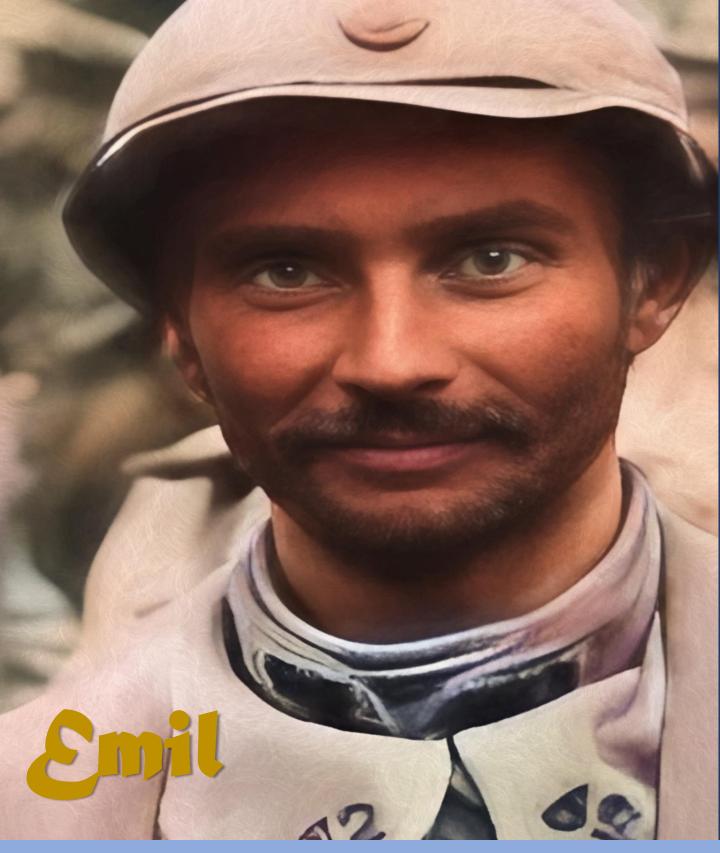
As I trudge back towards the overgrown interstate, my trusty Nike High Top Combat Boots are showing their age. The rain pelts my skin, causing a slight burn, but I soldier on.

Josey flashes me a grin and urges me to keep moving.

Thankfully, the winter storms from the Great Plains are blowing south instead of east, so we don't have to worry too much about getting caught in a downpour from the west.

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All the negative things seemed to have disappeared with the arrival of winter, don't you agree?

However, one must carefully consider countless times whether the urge to venture somewhere is worth the risk of being exposed to a torrential downpour of heavy metal rain from the devastated lands surrounding Fargo.

Taking shelter from the harshest of the piercing rain in a weathered, deserted church that sat slightly away from the road,

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I found myself with a remarkable vantage point overlooking the lush lanes of what used to be the powerful interstate highways spanning across the vast expanse of America.

I turned to Josie, a mischievous grin spreading across her face, as she playfully posed with a weathered portrait supposedly depicting St. Patrick.

"You know," I remarked, "there's no harm in pushing our luck a little, especially when we're

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scraping the bottom of the barrel like this!"

Josie chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

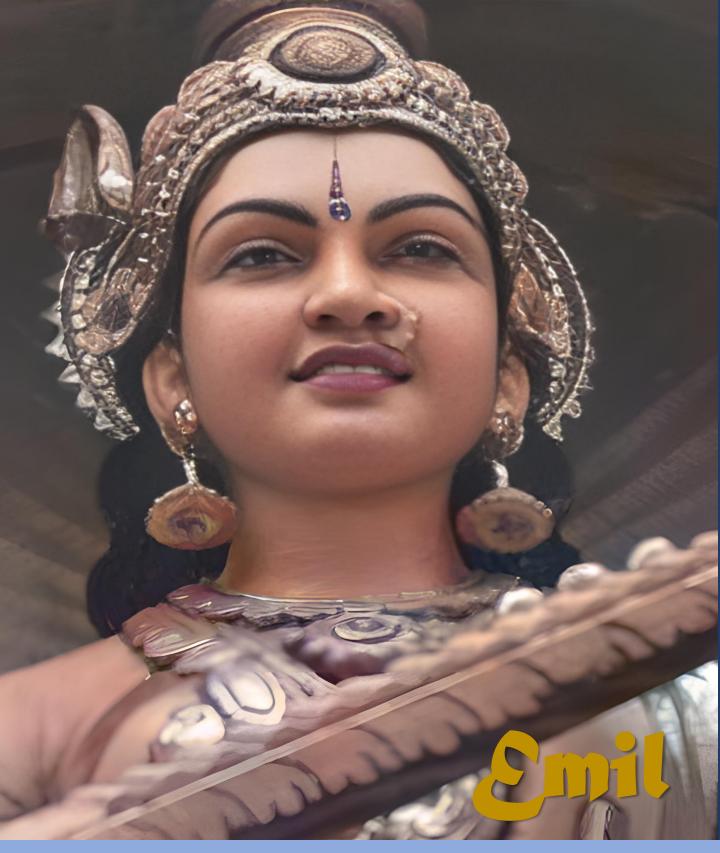
"How ironic, isn't it?" she replied, her voice laced with a hint of mischief.

Suddenly, the sky above us seemed to respond to our banter. The thick clouds began to part, allowing the warm rays of the sun to filter through.

As the sunlight danced upon the nearby creek, its waters

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transformed into a mesmerizing golden hue.

It was as if St. Patrick himself was beckoning us forward, urging us to seize the moment before the enchantment faded away.

In that fleeting moment, I could have sworn I heard his voice carried by the wind, urging us to embark on our adventure.

"Get going!" he seemed to exclaim, his words filled with urgency.

We exchanged excited glances,

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knowing that time was of the essence if we wanted to experience the magic of his fairyland.

With renewed determination, we set off, our hearts filled with anticipation. Little did we know what wonders awaited us on this extraordinary journey.

When I was just a young boy, I have vivid memories of Miss Clare, the eccentric old lady whom my mother deemed peculiar. I would eagerly sit for

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hours, captivated by her ancient tales of Viking Longboats bravely navigating treacherous storms off the shores of Southern Africa.

Oh, how I wish I had taken the time to document those stories, as my recollections now fade into the distant past or blend with the troubles of the present.

It makes me wonder if Viking Ships still roam the seas, not as ghostly apparitions, but as vessels filled with resilient and

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enigmatic individuals, yearning to escape these tumultuous times and return to a place where the beauty of each morning remains eternal, just like Miss Clare was before she succumbed to the virus plague killer lockdowns when she was unable to get a transit, vaccine passport to go visit her doctor in Brighton and died soon afterwards died alone in her flat in Jersey.

After examining the weathered map adorned with a shell emblem,

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the significance of which even experts struggle to recall, it became abundantly clear that St. Patrick's promises were nothing more than empty words.

The next town, which held the potential of providing us with much-needed supplies, was too distant and not worth risking our lives for.

The thought of engaging in a fierce battle against local militias or rogue national guard units was daunting, especially when we

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could easily be caught in the open, with only sporadic stars piercing through the thick evening clouds to guide our way forward.

In these uncertain times, we must tread carefully and make wise decisions, for our survival depends on it.

Even the most foolish person would not have hesitated to correct the careless guidance of a deceased saint (one must be dead to become a saint, and

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judging by his advice, it's clear why there are so few living saints!).

They would have educated the old man about the modern-day "Rules of the Road" in the 21st Century, emphasizing the crucial rule of never venturing out into the darkness, for it is when all the malevolent creatures that seek to harm or devour you emerge under the urban moon's descent.

I have faith that he had good intentions and hasn't succumbed to the dark forces of Ahriman

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and his wicked WEF Goonies.

Let's hope and pray that this is indeed the truth!

Taking shelter behind the sturdy doors of the ancient church, I couldn't help but wish it was Miss Clare, herself, leading us to her majestic Viking Longboat.

Instead, we were left with the benevolent yet forgotten saint, who was once a revered guide and shaman in ancient times.

Although there are rumors that he may have accepted bribes

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from unscrupulous organizations like the infamous Tripler A's, I hesitate to pass judgment. It's going to be a challenging and chilly night ahead, and we must refrain from lighting a fire to avoid drawing attention to our presence in these untamed Wildlands.

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In the past, there existed a nostalgic tune that revolved around escaping to the countryside. Surprisingly, this melody resurfaced in my thoughts, despite having long forgotten its exact lyrics.

However, just like my experience today in the abandoned, overgrown weed patch that used to be a bustling highway of the previous era, I quickly lost its rhythm once I moved past the chorus.

It was a relief to see no indication of an impending heavy rainstorm

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coming from the northern plains. It's interesting how the mind wanders and fills with various thoughts, including memories, critiques, and regrets, like the missed opportunity of not trading for a bicycle back in Badtown. However, as I gazed at the vast flatlands stretching ahead, the argument turned from abstract to a feeling of unease. There were no overpasses to seek shelter under if the winds changed and the downpour caught me exposed. Not to mention the danger of encountering a slow-moving storm

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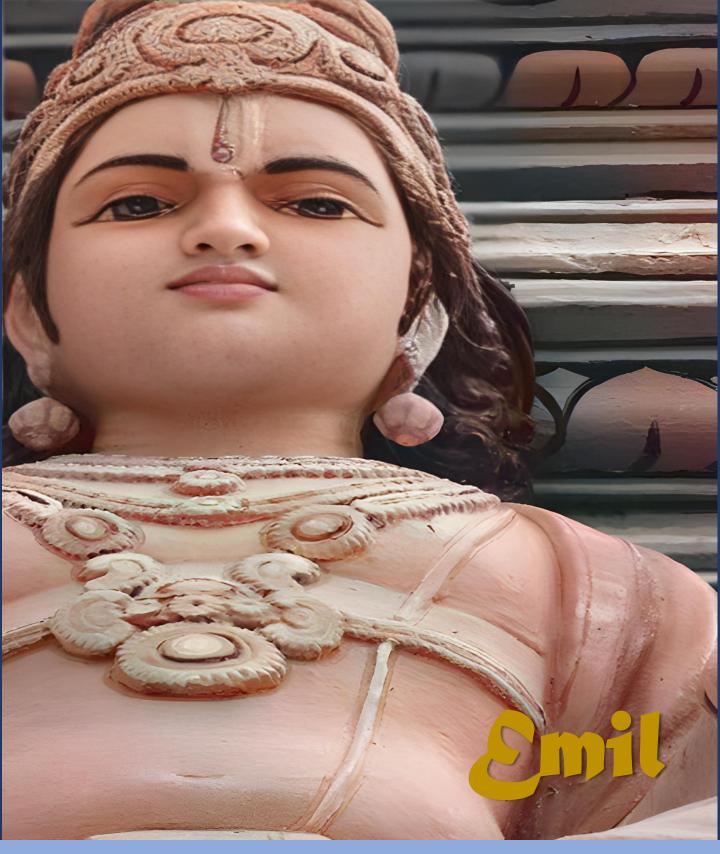
or a pack of wild dogs that roam these deserted highways, ready to make a meal out of an unfortunate soul who foolishly declined a fair trade for a functional bicycle.

As I gazed upon this seemingly never-ending stretch of deteriorating pavement and overgrown vegetation, my only response could be, "I truly wish for rain!"

The totem at the intersection, adorned with intricate carvings of golden serpents, directed my attention towards the majestic

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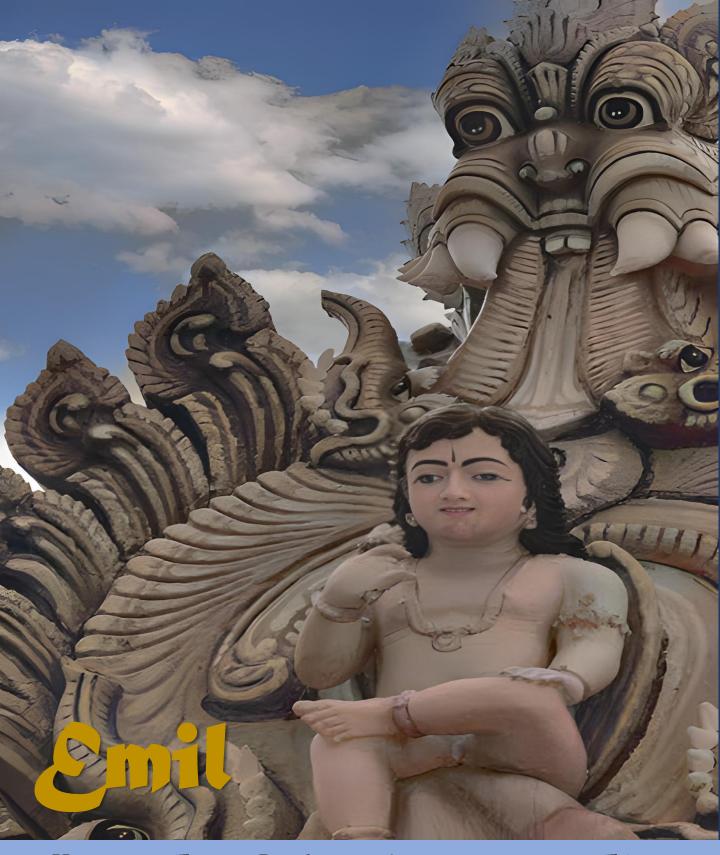


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mountain that awaited me after another day's travel, considering my current speed. It also served as a proclamation to all wanderers that they were on the verge of entering the realm known as the Elephant World, belonging to the notorious Golden Serpent Klan of bandits. The main focus was not on how it acquired its name, just as it wasn't important to stick around and ask them in person. Opting to take the road that extended towards the south seemed like a wise choice, going against the norm.

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Similar to countless other groups in the wilderness, these bandits are searching for an easy meal and any valuables that an unsuspecting traveler might have had the misfortune of bringing into their territory, without any regard for the wild dogs' authority. Although I had nothing remaining, it was frequently much worse as they became angry, realizing they had wasted all their attempts to locate you. Unlike their ancestors who were more courageous in expressing their emotions without requiring

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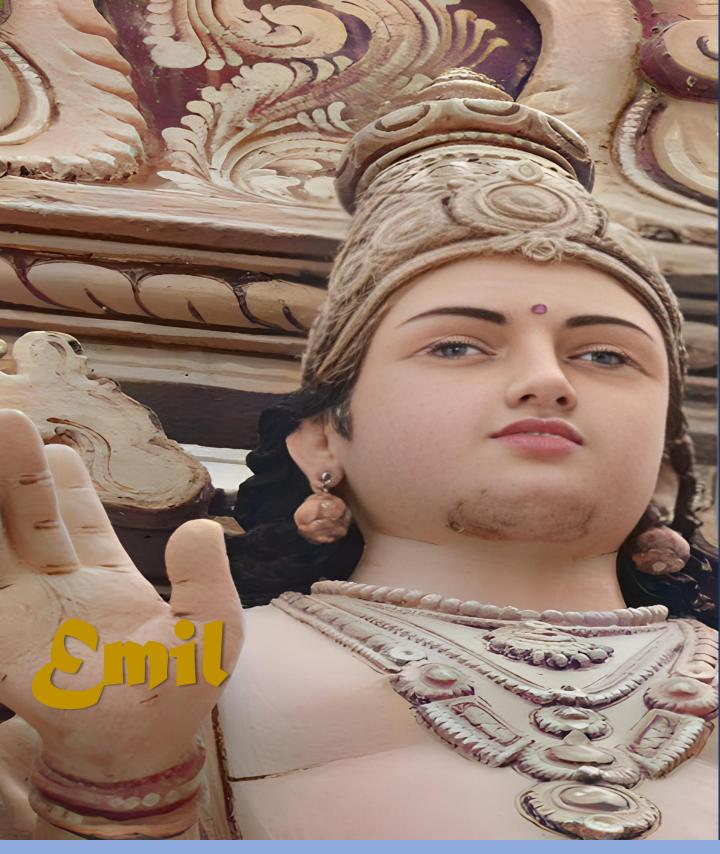
much guidance, they are now hesitant.

I frequently came across articles stating that the Tulsa Government was considering establishing a waystation similar to the old western forts depicted in Saturday Morning Movies at the Ocala Theater.

However, the plan was never executed as the wagon trains that departed from the Port of Saint Louis never returned with news of their arrival in California, where the land is said to be abundant and

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unaffected by EMP Destruction.
Unfortunately, it appeared that my sole option was to continue on this path, as returning to Badtown was not a viable choice due to unresolved debts and the wrath of a few irate husbands who wished to speak with me.

As I gazed upon the hillside,
I initially believed that I was
witnessing a flock of graceful angels
gliding down towards the valley
nestled beneath the gleaming
mountain. However, upon closer
inspection, I realized that it was

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merely a group of ravenous vultures eagerly awaiting my arrival, and they were not pleased with my tardiness.

In moments like these, I found myself yearning for that cursed bicycle I should have traded for, or even better, I should have taken up my old sailor friend's offer to join the new China Trade by hitching a ride on a slow freighter from the Port of Saint Louis to the vast ocean.

I pondered on the idea that life holds countless thrilling adventures

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in store for me, as long as I continue to wander on the open road. However, a part of me couldn't help but wonder if I was trapped in an eternal conversation with the devil, constantly reminding me of the urgency to traverse the valley and reach the tree line of the majestic mountain before the sun dipped below its peaks, unleashing the nocturnal creatures into the darkness.

In the dimming light, I finally reached the edge of the forest, much to the dismay of those

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relentless vultures who screeched out what I can only assume were vulgar insults in their own mysterious Vulture language. Even that sly old devil appeared melancholic, realizing he had underestimated my ability to succeed, as he had placed a bet against me.

Like other wanderers who had embarked on this journey, I stumbled upon a somber stream that cascaded down from the glistening peaks of the majestic mountain. I decided to establish my

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camp and constructed a makeshift barrier of rocks, just in case there were any packs of wild dogs prowling this vicinity.

Despite the fact that black water is typically considered dangerous, I found myself in a situation where I had gone two days without a proper drink and my waterbag was completely empty.

Against my better judgment as a vagabond, I decided to take a chance and see if the water was drinkable. Although it looked strange, I cautiously swirled a

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teaspoon of it in my mouth and was surprised to find that it actually tasted quite good.

It's quite puzzling, isn't it?
Perhaps this tale of black water
being a myth concocted by deceitful
merchants to swindle people into
buying expensive bottled water has
always been nothing more than a
scam.

Uncertain, are you? Nevertheless, I found myself all alone in this untamed wilderness, and the last thing I wanted was to become sick. Therefore, I persisted a little

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longer and opted to wait for an hour to ensure my well-being before succumbing to madness and entertaining the absurd notion that I possessed the power to transform black water into wine.

Contrary to common belief, falling in love can be a perilous period, even for the most stoic and rebellious poets. I distinctly recall Peggy's attempt to justify her abandonment of Kevin in the Yaqui Homelands of Northern Nicaragua, as she hastily returned home aboard a refurbished Contra aircraft, an old

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cargo plane from the Air America fleet, just moments before the world seemed to crumble beneath our feet.

As we gazed out of her kitchen's old, cracked bay window, we attempted to catch a last glimpse of a fading morning star over the valley. Suddenly, I was jolted by the sound of a rocket launcher and the pungent odor of aged diesel and dust emanating from the road adjacent to her front lawn.

I instinctively ducked, causing her to burst into a hearty laugh, amused

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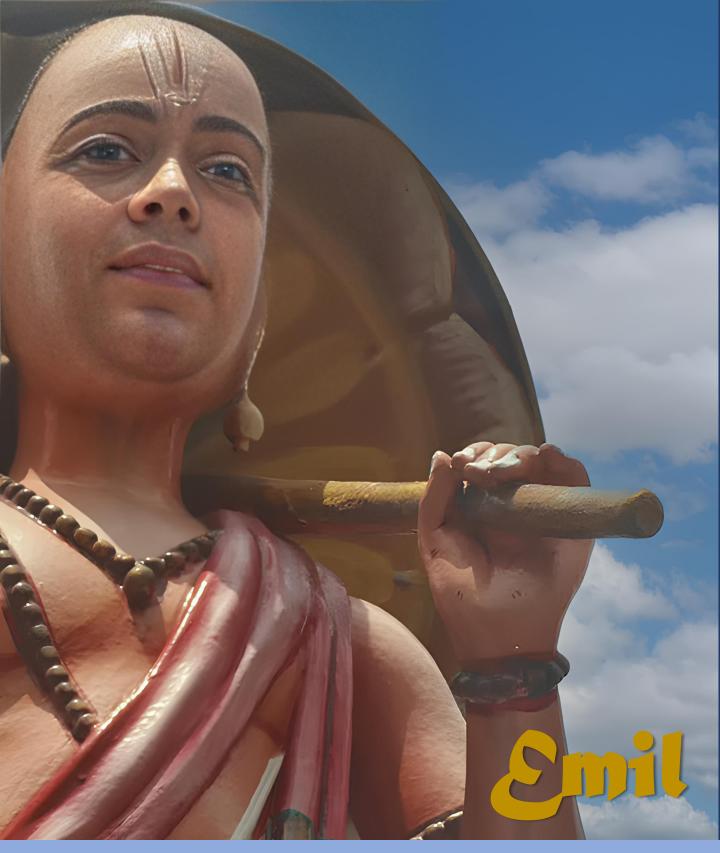
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by my transformation from an International Man of Mystery to a trembling old man crouched beneath her kitchen table.

Amidst her laughter, she advised me to regain my composure, explaining that it was merely the "Texan fellows from the Republic" conveying a message to a nearby warlord and his group of troublemakers who had sought shelter in the upper river valley of the majestic mountain. She couldn't help but find it amusing that they referred to themselves as the Golden Serpents.

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After failing to impress me, I regained my composure and took a seat on my kitchen stool. I muttered my discontent about her failure to provide a proper warning, using a variety of inappropriate words that I cannot repeat here. It appears that the ROT National Guard came to this region towards the end of last year to assert their ownership of the old oil fields located to the east of here. The new Tulsa Government lacked the resources and determination to protect them.

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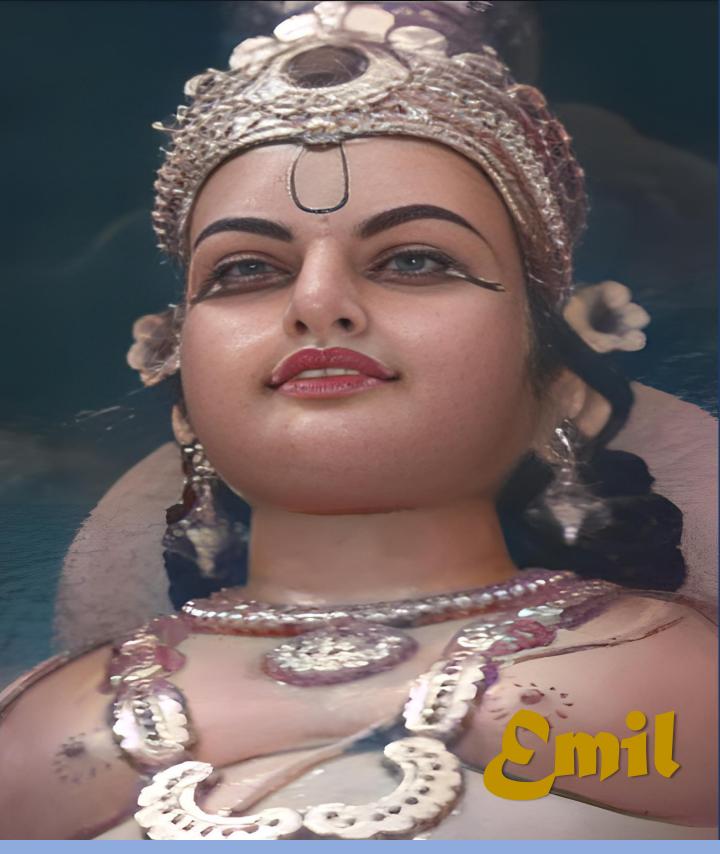


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Peggy proceeded to inform me that the soldiers who had been stationed in her community, now referred to as a township, were primarily young boys who were content with launching multiple missiles towards the region's different warlords as a way to maintain control. The Commander of the ROT had conveyed to her that he was not bothered by the warlords' actions as long as they didn't interfere with the oil fields or his troops. "They can engage in robbery, theft, and looting of any passing wagon train as

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long as they confine themselves to their side of the valley...I am not a law enforcement officer!"

Who am I to question this?

The world has evolved and with it, new values and priorities have emerged.

It seems that the truth is no longer relevant and during a casual conversation with some Texas Soldiers, I realized that it would be best for me to stay out of their affairs or simply move on. Is there anything else to add?

Regrettably, I found immense

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pleasure in conversing with Peggy, yet it was with a heavy heart that I had to move on.

These trying times have made it difficult for strangers to be welcomed and tolerated for long. It seemed that I had reached that point when the Texas Soldiers started probing into my past, present, and the circumstances that led me to be encamped at the nearby Black River Creek, where they discovered me unconscious due to excessive consumption of black water.

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Perhaps, in hindsight, the black water mythologies held a grain of truth? It appears that my constant shrugs or attempts to divert the conversation were not well-received. The older generation referred to this as "seeing through you." They had no interest in hearing about Dawn in Santiago, dancing under a moonlit sky in paradise, or any of my other captivating tales about the marvels of the world. I understand, these young individuals were just like their peers across the valley, as both

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groups were unaware of the world before its downfall and had acquired a distorted understanding of that world based on the storyteller's agenda. I could bring up Berlin, but most of these individuals wouldn't have any idea what I'm referring to. What do you think? The question "If a tree falls?" always seemed pointless to me during my school days. I couldn't comprehend why it mattered if a tree made a sound or not. Our traditional education system

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failed to teach us anything of real significance for the betterment of society.

Did you feel the same way?
This statement holds true in the years that have passed since the Earth was proven to be round, and we found ourselves stranded without the luxury of our beloved I-Pads or the freedom to access high-speed internet (Remember those days?).

The sirens blared their highpitched alarm, signaling the imminent arrival of winter rain from

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the north-west, causing everyone to scramble for the safety of shelter.

The windows and shutters were tightly closed, along with the lacey curtains in the restored district of the city.

Perhaps, it is wiser to avoid seeing danger, or is it the belief that by not being visible to danger, one can ensure safety?

Absolute nonsense!

Ahriman astutely recognized the gospel of bondage, yet he fell short in providing a more effective solution than reverting the world to

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a serfdom reminiscent of the 13th Century. Personally, I believe if he had proposed taking us back to a time prior to the invention of the internet by Mister Albert DeGored (perhaps around 1956?), I would have been more inclined to pay attention.

I dare say, numerous individuals would have as well.

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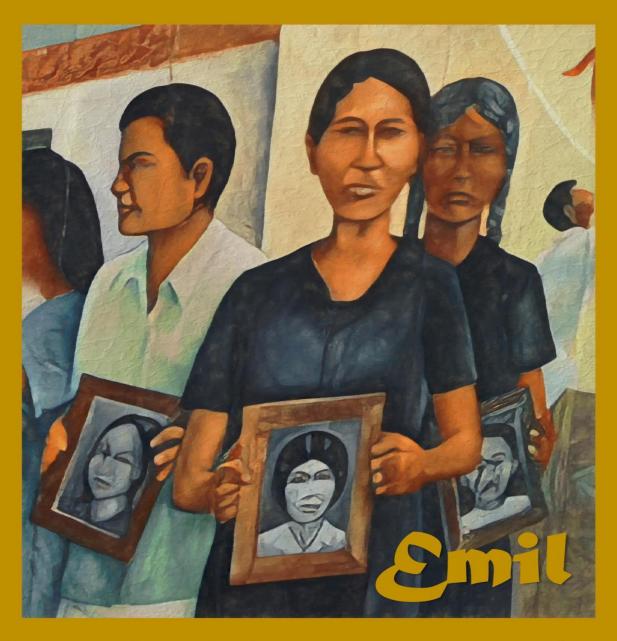


"THE LOST CHILDREN OF AHRIMAN 4" GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

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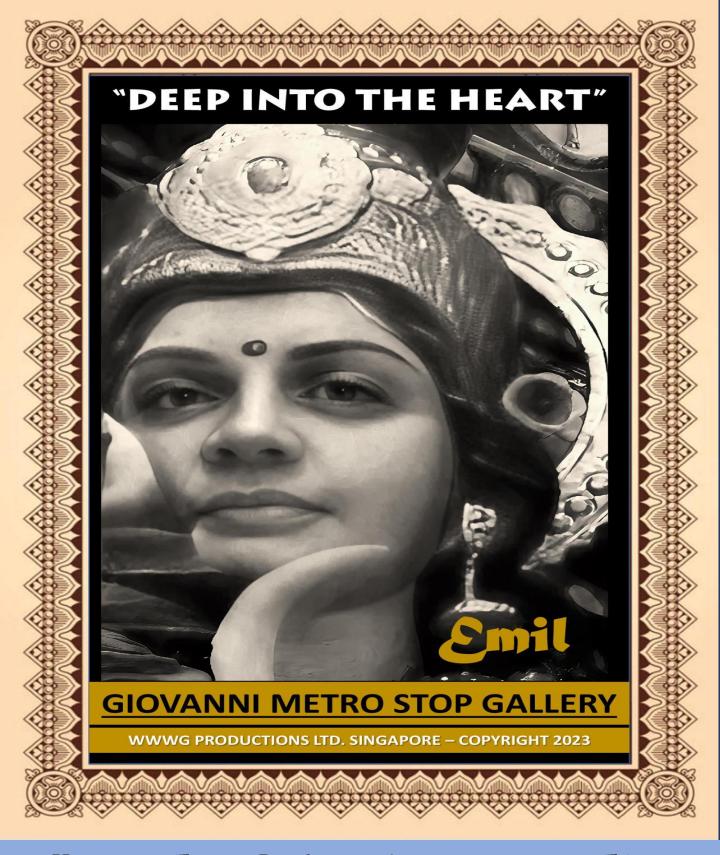
"THOSE AHRIMAN LEFT BEHIND"

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